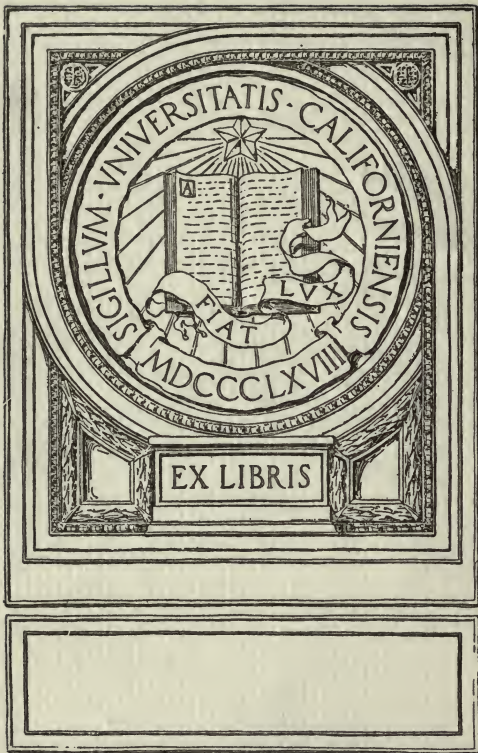


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ADDRESSES

BY

PRINCE SERGE WOLKONSKY.

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I — TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

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TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

DELIVERED AT THE RUSSIAN BANQUET,
27TH MAY, 1893.

To the American Flag.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We have heard a good many speeches, and though I feel very diffident in the presence of the many distinguished orators I see among the noble guests who have honored us with their company to-night, I nevertheless venture a few words, hoping that the fact of another speech will be excused in regard to the feelings of thankfulness that shall dictate it. Thankfulness, indeed, thankfulness to our hosts, the Americans; not merely for the great pleasure we gather from the hospitality they so kindly offer us in their country and under their flag, but far more for the great lessons that can be learned from this country and from this flag.

When we look at the map of the United States, when we see that big piece of continent between two oceans, all divided in so many

different sections, we think it shows us one of the most eloquent pictures of division with the aim of union; it gives a marvelous sample of development of the single unity for the sake of a common and general whole. Now, if we reduce the unity to its simplest expression, and if on the other part we extend the limits of the whole so far as they can be extended on this earth, we will have on one side individuality, and on the other side humanity. Ladies and gentlemen, we of course cannot know what shall be the language which will be spoken in Heaven, but I know that on *this Earth*, there are no grander words than these two: Individuality and Humanity. They are at the same time both the starting point and the final aim of all human activity. In fact, individuals lead humanity, but humanity is the beacon that shines for individuals; no individual can pretend to be mentioned by posterity, unless he has done something for at least a portion of humanity, and on the other side, no change or innovation brought into the state of humanity deserves the name of progress, if it does not aim to the happiness of the individual. And

these two words are constantly present to our minds here in this country of America and especially at this Columbian Exposition.

We, foreign nations, we too may be considered as individuals. All of us before coming here intensified our national individuality as much as we could in order to be worthily represented at the Fair. But we would not have come here, had we not known that there is a higher aim and a wider horizon beyond our private national interests. Patriotism is a grand motor of a great impulsive power, but it is only the soil which feeds our single activities. The universal sun that shines above and gives them the necessary strength and vitality, is—Humanity.

Christopher Columbus conquered the Isle of Cuba for the crown of Spain; it is not to that he owes his glory, but he discovered America and gave it to the whole world, and this is what brought him immortality.

Americans have always followed the traces of the great discoverer; every effort of their inventive genius had a result that was a gift to the whole world, every discovery in the



domain of science marked as an era in the development of humanity. Such one, I mean an era, undoubtedly shall be the present World's Exposition. We foreign nations are proud of the idea that we take part in one of the grandest events of modern times. We joyfully bring our collective energies as contributions to your national enterprise with no other pretention of immediate benefit than the pleasure of congratulating you upon your success.

Later on the great results of what we see now will gradually come to light. The day will come, when all the nations, just like the different stars of the different states, drop their names and lose their color so as to form a constellation on the blue sky of your national flag, so all the nations some day will forget and *forgive* the differences which keep them distant from one another, those unworthy differences which make of one human creature a stranger to another human creature. The day will come, when all nations will join in those blue Heavens where the words humanity, indulgence and peace make an eternally resplendent constellation.

Ladies and gentlemen, I cannot resume my wishes in a better and shorter way than in proposing you to drink to the prosperity and glory of that allegorical sign, "The American Flag."

UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN IN RUSSIA.

DELIVERED AT THE EDUCATIONAL CONGRESS,
23^D JULY, 1893,
AND AT THE
ASSEMBLY HALL OF THE WOMAN'S BUILDING,
9TH AUGUST, 1893.

Higher Education of Woman in Russia.

"* * * woman is not undeveloped man,
But *diverse*."

Tennyson.

MRS. PRESIDENT, MR. PRESIDENT,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The kindness of a few persons confers on me the honor of entertaining you to-night. An honor that cannot be highly enough appreciated, if we consider that the Auxiliary Congresses of the World's Columbian Exposition are at this moment an object of universal interest, that from every spot of the earth eyes are turned toward this building, that the whole civilized world is watching the results of the deliberations that take place under this roof, and that a man who speaks from *this* chair must feel as if he were speaking to the whole world.

But there is no privilege without responsibility, and the higher the first the heavier the latter. So in this case I am not unconscious of the weight and the value of that precious thing that for a few moments is made my property—I mean the attention of this imposing audience. And still I know there is one thing that will greatly help me in my task—that is, the real, unsimulated interest I find in everybody in America with any question concerning my country. There is no doubt that among all questions that can stimulate the interest of one nation in another, the educational is one of the most important ones; there is no doubt, further, that the energy and activity women of all countries displayed at the invitation of their American sisters made female education the question of the day. Thus the subject I am going to treat happens to be popular before it has been spoken of. Trusting in that I will try to do my best, so as to present to you as complete and short a picture of the Higher Education of Woman in Russia, as possible.

We will first give a historical sketch of the

question; we will next examine the different statutes and programmes of the educational establishments, and we will conclude with a few general considerations.

I.

Educational establishments in Russia are not all under the surveillance of the same ministry; eleven different departments have schools, colleges, seminaries, academies, universities under their direction. This of course can appear to many as an unpractical state of things, but it has many advantages and first of all that of bringing up a great variety of types of educational establishments. A short insight into the different types of female schools—at least the most important ones — must be given before we speak of *higher* instruction.

Three different departments contain the direction of female educational establishments. These are: The Department of the Institutions of the Empress Mary, the Ecclesiastical Department and the Ministry of Public Education.

I scarcely need speak of the first one here in Chicago. Anybody can get the most complete idea of it by visiting the Department of Liberal Arts at the Columbian Exposition, where the 600 educational and charitable establishments of the institutions of the Empress Mary are magnificently represented under the surveillance of Madame Semechkin. The most important educational establishments of this department are the so-called institutes: a kind of seminary for girls, very strictly ruled boarding-schools that they are allowed to leave only in summer months if returning to their parents. The education given is a very accomplished one in so far as preparing the girls for intellectual family life as well as for the laborious life of governess. These establishments are under a special patronage of Her Majesty, the Empress; ladies of high rank sometimes are called to direct them, and the greatest dignitaries of the state are members of the Committee of Trustees which has the chief supervision of all the institutes of the Empire.

The second type of establishments belonging

to this department are the Gymnasiums and Pro-Gymnasiums, with an intermediate education what we would call high school for girls, but they interest us because to some of them special higher pedagogical classes are attached. The course in these classes lasts three years, and its object is to prepare the young ladies for the pedagogical career. Here they become acquainted with different methods of teaching and of transmitting to others the knowledge they acquire during the seven years of their high school course. The third year is entirely devoted to practical exercises, where the ladies, assisted by professors, give lessons to the pupils of the Pro-Gymnasium in the following subjects: Sacred history, Russian language, arithmetic, geography, French and German languages. The courses are divided in three different groups: The group of Russian language and literature, the group of foreign languages (French or German optional), and the group of mathematics. Lessons in religion, Russian, old Slavonic, and arithmetic are on the programmes of each of the three groups. Ladies who have finished these courses receive a

diploma of graduate teacher, conferring upon them the right of occupying the chairs of the above mentioned subjects in the four lower classes and of foreign languages in all classes of Gymnasiums and Pro-Gymnasiums for girls.

Among the establishments of the Ecclesiastical Department we must mention the Diocesan Female Schools. These establishments; the number of pupils in which amounted last year to 13,000, are assigned to the daughters of priests and clergy and prepare them for the rough career of teachers in village schools. For more than three years I had the opportunity of closely observing some of these girls at their work, and I must say we cannot have too much respect and admiration for the really apostolic mission they fulfill. Buried in some distant village, miles away from railroads, separated from her family, such a young creature undertakes her struggles for life, depending on a poor and illiterate community, which is not always able or willing to pay her the ridiculous salary that is supposed to recompense her for her work and

for her *life*. For twelve roubles (\$6) a month she has to provide for herself. A peasant's hut, where she finds lodging for twenty roubles a year, becomes her home; the peasant's family her only social resource if there is no priest in the village or no land-owner's house in the neighborhood; the rare visits of the Educational Inspector or of some other member of the District School Committee, and the annual arrival in the Spring of the Examining Commission are the only events which break the monotony of her life in a "*milieu*" that is not hers and where she has in her way a sort of rank to sustain. For she has not to forget that she is not a peasant woman; she has to dress like a lady, she has to behave herself like a lady. I knew one of them who in similar conditions had an invalid mother on her hands and a little brother whom she prepared for college. Numbers of them are scattered over the surface of our vast country; their names are unknown; they are *not* represented at the Fair, and probably never will be; but in *this* country, where an ordinary workman in some distant ranch of your

far West is lodged and boarded and gets \$30 a month; in this country, where intellectual labor is recompensed as nowhere else; in this country that knows what "pioneering" means; in this country, ladies, I request—I claim—your respect and your love for these, your distant sisters, who have no other joy in life than to watch the glimpse of life they gradually arouse in the little brains they cultivate.

After having paid our tribute to these two important departments, we may now pass to the establishments of the Ministry of Public Education. We will not stop at the intermediate education; we will merely mention that according to the Report for 1891, the Ministry of Public Education had under its direction 342 establishments (Gymnasiums and Pro-Gymnasiums) with 62,529 pupils in attendance, and we pass over to our subject.

The history of the higher educational courses for ladies is rather eventful and has passed through various phases. The question first arose in 1869, when permission was given from the Ministry of Public Education to organ-

ize a series of public lectures on history, philology and science at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The course had no settled plan nor were any preliminary studies required from the pupils. In the year 1872, Mr. Guerrier, professor of the Moscow University, opened his College of Higher Courses for Girls, where special attention was drawn to the study of universal literature and Russian history. At this epoch the necessity of a regular university education for woman made itself felt by the great number of girls who went abroad in search of scientific knowledge.

An Imperial Ukase of the year 1876 authorized the foundation of high courses for ladies on various subjects at different universities of Russia, and during this and the following year such colleges were established at Kazan, St. Petersburg and Kiev. They were divided into two faculties: The historico-philological and the physico-mathematical. The colleges at St. Petersburg and Kiev and those of Professor Guerrier in Moscow each have a four years' course, that of Kazan, one of two years. Besides this, special classes of instruction for

girls have been attached to the Third Moscow Gymnasium with a four years' course of natural science and three years in mathematics. All these establishments were regarded as private institutions with the obligation to be controlled every academical year by the Board of Education; they had no general regulations, and the whole organization has for a long time been regarded as a temporary one. Only in 1879, preliminary work in preparing General Regulations for the girls' higher colleges was begun, but it was interrupted by the resignation of Count Tolstoi from his post of Minister of Public Education in the year 1880.

In the year 1884, by order of his Imperial Majesty a Commission was established, presided over by the Under-Secretary of State, Prince Volkonsky, for the purpose of ascertaining the best means for the organization of superior education for girls in the Empire. But in the meantime the admission of new students to the courses was stopped and remained so for a little over two years.

In June, 1889, the results elaborated by the above mentioned Commission were put in

action and in September of the same year the admission was renewed.

After this historical sketch let us now consider the scientific side of the institution.

The course lasts four years and is divided into two sections, the historico-philological and the mathematical. The following are the lists of the subjects on which lectures are held:

1. In the historico-philological section: Religion, psychology, logic, history of philosophy, Russian language, old Slavonic, history of Russian ancient and modern literature, theory of literary forms, Slavonic idioms and literature, universal literature, (this includes Italian, French, German and English literature and their connection with the development of Russian literature), Russian history, history of the peoples of Slavonic race, ancient history, history of middle ages, history of modern times, history of arts, Latin language and literature.

2. In the mathematical section: Religion, general course of mathematics, analytical geometry, algebraical analysis, differential and integral calculus, astronomy, physics, organic



and in-organic chemistry, physical geography, analytic mechanics.

The extensiveness of these programmes does not prevent, as it might be apprehended, the seriousness nor the conscientiousness of the studies. As you see, the pupils can acquire a very complete knowledge in all branches of the section they select, and at the same time they have the opportunity of going in for any special question in its least details. In this sense the Higher Courses resume in the limits of their programmes that principle which you formulate so cleverly and so shortly when you say that "a man should know everything of something and something of everything."

We have at hand the Annual Reports of the Director of the St. Petersburg Higher Courses for the last three years, and I will take the liberty of communicating to you some details illustrating the scientific level of the young ladies' works. In the year 1891 there were 385 pupils in the four courses, of which 298 were in the historico-philological section and 87 in the mathematical. This preference for history and literature has always characterized

our female students, though we have in mathematics quite interesting works on most abstract subjects. Director Koolin quotes in his reports such themes as "On approximate calculus of definite integrals," or "Euler's formulæ of quadrations," and others. In 1890 our celebrated compatriot, Madame Kovalevsky, who was professor of astronomy at the University of Stockholm, honored with her presence the examinations of the physico-mathematical section, and Director Koolin mentions with satisfaction the good impressions she gathered during her visit. We must note here that the only three ladies who lecture in this establishment are mathematicians; these are: Madame Schiff, who directs the practical exercises in mathematics, Madame Serdobinsky, in physics, and Madame Bogdanovsky, graduate doctor of the Geneva University, in chemistry.

In the historico-philological section philosophical questions seem to have mostly interested the young ladies. Professor Vedensky speaks in best terms of such works as: "On some internal sensations according to Beaunis," "On the constitution of our self-conscious-

ness" according to Taine and Strahoff, "On the principles of knowledge in John Stuart Mill's Logic," "On the atomic theory of matter according to Professor Strahoff's *The Universe as a Whole*," "On the immortality of the soul according to Plato," and many others.

National history has been much studied and very minute investigations have been made by the ladies on some original texts of ancient Slavonic chronicles. Such works as "The Fall of Novgorod in Olden Russian Chronicles" and "The Conquest of Kazan in 1552 as it appears from annals and traditions," are considered by Professor Platonoff as essays of quite individual and independent value.

Some ladies are very well acquainted with different Slavonic idioms and gave valuable translations of Servian and Bulgarian popular songs into Russian.

I had not the intention of fatiguing you with practical details on the pecuniary means of the establishment, but I cannot forego the question, as I think it is of significant importance in showing how much public opinion is favorably disposed toward higher female edu-

cation. The St. Petersburg Higher Courses are pecuniarily supported by the Government and by the Municipality. This sum amounts to six thousand roubles a year, while the whole maintenance of the establishment according to the Director's Report costs ten times as much. Where do these means come from? Except the sums formed by the pupil's payments, all the rest are private voluntary donations. We hardly can give an idea of their extent and variety, not only in great sums of money (such as given by Mesdames Sibiriacoff, Shaniavsky, Vargounin and others), but in active help of all kinds. Beginning with the architect who erected the building and refused all recompense; during the two transitory years, when admission to the courses was refused, most of the professors lectured gratis; the two doctors attached to the establishment, one of whom is a lady, never would accept anything for their daily attendance; professors, writers, scientific societies contribute to the enlargement of the library, and the papers have always published gratis all announcements concerning the courses.

Another thing that characterizes the popularity of the courses is the fact of students coming from such distant places as Tiflis, Bakou, in the Caucasus, or Tomsk, Yenisseisk, Irkoutsk, in Siberia. It is to be noted, too, that the most generous donators that contribute to the prosperity of the establishment are two Siberian ladies.

We must now say a few words on the Higher Medical Courses which were founded in St. Petersburg in the year 1872. Though strange it may appear here in America, these courses for ladies were under the direction of the Ministry of War and attached to military hospitals. Their students were of great help during the last Turkish war, in 1877, where they showed courage and utter abnegation. In time of peace female doctors chiefly practice in villages, where the provincial self-governmental hospitals are often under their direction. In our south-eastern provinces their help is priceless among the Mahometans because of the strict religious laws that would forbid to women any masculine medical attendance. Unfortunately these Courses

were closed in 1888 for chiefly pecuniary reasons, but at the same time other Medical Courses attached to the Nativity Hospital of St. Petersburg were reinforced in order to supply this lapse. During the sixteen years of their existence the Higher Medical Courses let out about a thousand graduates. The first Russian female doctors were Mesdames Sousloff and Koshevaroff.

II.

This is a brief exposition of the present state of woman's higher education in Russia. I shall consider my task fulfilled, if, notwithstanding this briefness, I have succeeded in giving you a clear picture of it and in demonstrating that the question has always been considered of great importance by our government, and has in consequence, ever since its first appearance, been an object of careful study. A certain hesitation in the execution must appear from the short historical sketch we started with, but the reasons for this are in connection with many events of our social life, and not so much with special events as with a

general state of mind that prevailed at a certain epoch of our history. We cannot pretend to explain here things that expect the penetrating judgment of some clever historical writer, but we feel authorized to state that the period from the years 1860 until 1880 in Russia will remain forever as one of the most complicated pages of modern social history.

I wish I could in a few words characterize for you that, in many ways, remarkable time, a time of an incredible literary movement, of an intense intellectual labor, of important political reforms, of violent revolutionary fermentation, a time when all the resources of the country—alas, the bad ones as well as the good ones—suddenly broke out into such activity, that in the stormy rush and inter-crossing of contradictory streams the brain of the younger generation lost its balance.

After the wonderful literary period of 1830 when Poushkin, Lermontoff, Gogol and Jukofsky went ahead of a series of minor poets, there comes thirty years later that other pleiad of glorious prose writers like Count Leo Tolstoi, Dostoievsky, Tourgeneff, Gon-

charoff, and of brilliant poets like Count Alexis Tolstoi, Maikoff, Polonsky and Fet. A roar of enthusiasm greets this second sunrise of national literature, but amidst these cheers of joy sarcastic laughter suddenly breaks out. It makes itself louder and louder, it calls the attention of a rapidly increasing audience, pamphlets begin to circulate, and finally a regular literature of destruction is inaugurated. While L. Tolstoi in "War and Peace" extols family life and motherhood, Chernishevsky in his romance of such an equivocal fame, entitled "What is to be done?"* shakes the basis of the family in proclaiming the uselessness of marriage; an essay of the same "On the Æsthetical Relations of Art to Reality," tending to prove that art has no other meaning but being a poor and imperfect reproduction of life, destroys its fundamental principle in subserving the ideal to the real. Dobroluboff and Pissareff give the tone to a school of critics who begin with declaring that Poushkin is worth nothing and who go on with endless

*Translated into English by Benj. Tucker, leader of the American "anarchist-individualists" and director for many years of "Liberty."

variations on this sentence, become as popular as a proverb, that "a pair of boots is greater than Shakespeare." Nekrassoff, a poet of irresistible charm, when writing real poetry, devotes his pen to versificated pamphlets on political subjects intended to inspire sympathy for lower people, but, alas, dictated much more by hate against those who are above. A perfect contrast with his precursor, Koltsoff—loving brother of the peasant, who lives and speaks and weeps with him.

In politics we see the same. At that period which follows such acts as the emancipation of the serfs, the reform of judicial procedure, the institution of provincial self-government with elective system, at that period the revolutionary movement of secret societies was as active as ever; the atrocities of 1881 were gradually prepared, and for their accomplishment innocent and inexperienced boys and girls were recruited among scholars, were withdrawn from their families, demoralized and enrolled in the ranks of an army that under the banner of "Progress" brandished the sword of "Destruction."

At these complicated times we did not know whom to accuse. Minds were floating, opinions were uncertain. We could assist at that singular fact of newly arising doctrines that bore at the same time fresh blossoms of hopeful faith and poisonous fruit of violence. We saw generations that were overgrown before they began to grow; we suffered from the defects before we had enjoyed the benefits; in many things—pardon me the rather too audacious paradox—in many things degeneration anticipated birth. The sacred word of “emancipation” had scarcely been pronounced when it was blown up to its most monstrous exaggeration: traditions, family, religion were proclaimed synonymous with superstition, and higher education, universities with all the attractions of great-center cities, were pointed out to the younger generation as gates, through which they could escape from the tyranny of those superstitions. These were trying days for all who had children. I do not know whether this epoch has been seriously studied and represented without prejudice in foreign literature; Tourgeneff’s famous novel, “Fathers

and Sons," has been translated, and though it represents but the very beginning of this movement, it shows enough to give us an idea of what the conflict must have become later; but it hardly can be understood, and therefore enjoyed, if notice is not taken of those conditions I had the honor to explain.

Now-a-days it's all over. With a remarkable wisdom, soft energy, slowness, and carefulness, the Ministry of Public Education accomplished in a few years a total change in the whole body of the rising generation and obtained a complete recovery of its ideas and tendencies. We have good reasons to think that the hesitations that have been pointed out a while ago will not last any longer, and indeed, they should not. The evils of some years ago were but a very transitory state of things—a sudden explosion, a violent paroxysm in a young and turbulent blood—but it is not a chronic illness, and a relapse of it is hardly to be apprehended.

An exaggerated misunderstanding of the word "emancipation" is not in the nature of Russian woman. We can observe that in cases

of greatest scientific or artistic cleverness, women have never forgotten their family duties, nor had instruction withdrawn them from the influence of their homes. In an article entitled "Woman Throughout Russian History," composed by my compatriot, Princess Shahovskoy, for the fine volume Mrs. Elliot devotes to the description of the Woman's Building, you will find a good number of names of women who distinguished themselves in different branches of science, art and literature; but a characteristic fact to be noted is that nearly all of them received the impulse to their studies from the traditions of their families, and many of those who were married did marry, so to say, in their specialties; so that science and art became not only an adornment, but the very basis of matrimonial life.

I will not fatigue you with a nomenclature that would turn too long, but I can certify to you that we never shall forget that we are a single nation composed of two different sexes, and that there is no danger of our ever adopting those theories that prevail in *some* countries, where the tendencies seem to be to separate

the two sexes into two different nations. No, hand in hand will Russian woman and Russian man pursue their common way toward the fulfillment of their human mission—not facing each other in provoking attitudes, so as to hinder their free and natural march with childish matches or ridiculous pretensions of superiority—remembering that a humanity of women is as impossible and as inconceivable as a humanity of men.

There is one thing that sounds so very strange to our ears. That is when we hear women say that they work, learn, study because they know that they can do things as well as men. *As well* as men! Why this “as well”? Why should woman voluntarily put a limit to her perfection and narrow her ambition at the point of resemblance with man? To do things simply well, is that not a sufficiently honorable ambition? Does it not open a wider field to their versatilities and does it not show in the distance of a constant improvement the possibility of doing things even better, not only *as well* as men? A great mistake, in our opinion, is committed by those who think that woman's

power consists in her similitude and not in her dissimilitude with men. How many have been induced in error by these theories, and have put all their ambition in obtaining a resemblance that nature has refused them. Well, but in losing the natural charms of her sex, woman does not become a man. What is she, then? Among human creatures we do not know a third variety of beings.

I hope ladies will excuse the perhaps too decided terms in which I express my opinions, but I do not think I hurt the feelings of anybody here—*here* where the lady who is at the head of the Woman's Exhibit, notwithstanding the great energy and what we commonly call "a quite masculine spirit of business" she showed in all her activity—is nevertheless one of the most feminine figures that ever directed a great enterprise.

Human progress is a co-operative one, and the part assigned to woman in that co-operation is too great a one, indeed, to be abdicated. The greatest of her privileges, the one she should care the most for, the one that stays above all what man can afford,—is *motherhood*.

We do not mean the merely physiological motherhood, but motherhood when intended and practiced with full conscience of the sacredness and majesty of its moral meaning; then it becomes the greatest among all the means of improvement that humanity possesses. As the basis of family, motherhood is the cornerstone of human fraternity and hence the natural, the most indisputable denial of those differences that divide humanity and without an oblivion of which the fulfillment of civilization is not possible on earth. Motherhood is the only palpable contact we have with future ages and a constant and unfailing guarantee of our participation with them.

In his so much applauded opening address to the Auxiliary Congresses President Bonney expresses the wish that the time should come when "ages, races, nations, communities, religions and institutions" should no longer stand "in position of practical hostility toward each other, aiming to be always prepared for strife, even in the midst of an apparently enduring peace." Who as much as woman can contribute to the realization of

that ideal? What are the struggles and fightings of man *against* the powers of nature compared to the process of human fraternization woman accomplishes by way of *obeying* to that same nature? Can we dream of a more desirable future than to see all prejudices of race, all national hostilities, all political mistrusts, religious intolerances, sectarian misunderstandings,—bow their heads, fall down and lie in the dust like things of naught before the sovereign royalty of motherhood and under the universal equality of family? Nay, ladies, these are not things to be abdicated; the recompense is too great a one to be refused. To be graduate professor, to be member correspondent of an academy, to be doctor, writer, lawyer,—all these are great satisfactions, but is there anything on earth that can be compared to the peacefulness and oblivion of sorrows that overwhelm us at the sight of two smiling eyes of a child? And this belongs to woman: the purest jewel that nature has produced is hers. No, ladies, this is not a thing to be abdicated. And we, gentlemen, let us ask the ladies not to underrate that treasure that is

childhood; let us ask our mothers to preserve us our children's eyes as long as possible. Yes, gentlemen, though strange, though unadvanced in our days of rushing life this wish may appear, I repeat: let us ask our mothers to preserve us our children's eyes as long as possible and not to commit a suicide of humanity in letting go out those lights that once extinguished can never be lighted again.

And after having done so, gentlemen, let us get accustomed to the idea that the best part in the accomplishment of our civilizing mission belongs to women; but although in this sense the future shall be their work more than ours, let us not become jealous of them, for as the poet says:

*"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together."*

GREETING.

TO THE INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL
CONGRESS.

25TH JULY, 1893.

Greeting.

MR. PRESIDENT,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Two days ago I had the honor of being asked to welcome the present Congress. I have not had the time for preparing anything substantial, that should, in some way, justify your kind applauses. This is why I hope you will excuse me if I say but a very few words.

At the occasion of this solemn session, I wish to greet and to congratulate the International Educational Congress; but I will address my congratulations to an apparently unimportant thing. I will not congratulate it upon the fact that it has the honor of being presided over by a man of such merits as Dr. Harris; I will not congratulate it upon the brilliant names which constitute the long list of its members; nor upon the extensiveness of its programmes or the variety of its subjects. I wish to congratulate it simply upon its name: "International Educational."

May these two words be written in letters of fire on the dark sky of this summer night, so as to shine for every one who will attend the sessions of this Congress!

Then he who will treat an "educational" question will remember that, even in the case when it is arisen from purely national considerations, it must have in its results a value from the "international" point of view; for education, if not aiming to inspire humanitarian feelings of international brotherhood, is but a dead letter. And he who will preach theories of "international" equality of men will remember that this equality should be obtained by way of "education;" that is, by way of growing, of building up, by way of noble emulation in improving, in learning, in accepting and assimilating things which others have discovered; in one word, international equality should be obtained by way of acquiring, and not by way of restricting; for tendencies of equality, if not inspired by motives of education, must bring humanity back to the animal equality of the beast.

And so may the union of these two words

“international” and “educational” be blessed; may it resound in the hearts of all who will be present here; may it inspire the words and acts of the Congress with great ideas of universal impartiality; may it loudly proclaim that every one of us belongs, *first*, to humanity, and *secondly*, to one or another nation; may it teach that there is more honor for any one of us in being *a man* than in being an American, or a Russian, or a German, or an Italian, or a Greek, or a Japanese, or whatever else he may be.

Now, if we ask ourselves what is the surest way of obtaining universal impartiality, we will answer that it consists in observing this rule: that a smaller thing should not hide a greater one; that a partial question should not obstruct the view of its whole. In the physical world, the perception of dimensions is relative: a house when we stand near it appears greater than the mountain in the distance; a small button, if held close to our eye, may obstruct the view of the sunshine, and hide the whole universe; but in the moral and intellectual domain, we must not allow the same phenomena. We must not allow that discussions between

Methodism and Presbyterianism should obstruct Christianity; we should not suffer that the interests of a community or of a town should grow bigger than the interests of a state; we must not permit that rivalry between one nation and another should make us forget humanity.

These are the wishes I make in congratulating the Congress upon the opening of its sessions, and these are the reasons why I repeat once more: May the union of these two words be blessed — “International,” “Educational.”

THE POET IN POUCHKIN'S POETRY.

COMPOSED FOR THE CELEBRATION OF POETS' DAY
AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION,

27TH AUGUST, 1893.

DELIVERED AT THE ASSEMBLY HALL OF
THE WOMAN'S BUILDING,

7TH SEPTEMBER, 1893.



The Poet in Pushkin's Poetry.

The Poets' Day. How shall we commemorate it? Shall we represent the different poets of different countries separately, or shall we celebrate all poets of all countries?

This is the question that presented itself to my mind when I was asked to take part in the ceremonies of the present festivity. And I thought both aims so tempting that I wanted to answer to both, and I resolved to find a way of re-uniting the two subjects in one single speech. My national literature gave me the best opportunity of doing so.

I have the fortune to belong to a nation the first poet of which is at the same time the greatest proclaimer of the sacredness of the poet's mission that ever existed. Never in the whole universal literature has a poet extolled poetical gifts in grander terms than he did; never has a poet represented in more splendid

lines the aim and the beauty of a poet's mission; never did a man use so much of his talent to build up a pedestal for the poetical portion of himself. This is the reason why I resolved to speak of Poushkin to-day, for I think that by the simple fact of relating to you what *our* poet thought of poets, I will pay the greatest tribute that can be paid to *all* poets of other countries.

Three principal points characterize the personality of a poet as it appears from Poushkin's poetry: a desperate moral solitude amidst the crowd of common mortals; a supreme indifference which grows sometimes to terms of supreme contempt as to the judgment of that same crowd; and a profound conviction, a religious faith in the sacredness — I should say, in the divine character — of his poetical mission, that is to work to the improvement and salvation of that same crowd of common mortals among whom he feels so desperately lonely, and the appreciations of which he so much despises. By a gradual selection of quotations I will lead you, if you allow, to the two poems of Poushkin in which these three points are put in evidence

with a highest degree of lyrical emphasis, and with such effects of sonority as the Russian language seldom has attained, excepting, perhaps, the semi-Byronic, semi-oriental poem of Lermontoff, "The Demon," which offers one of the most remarkable examples of the degree of melodiousness human language can reach on the shores of those indefinite regions where words expire and music begins.

The poet's solitude on earth appears from a little poem of a few lines, entitled "The Echo." There is not a sound in nature, not an exclamation of joy or of sorrow in mankind, that the echo does not repeat in the emptiness of the air, but it never gets an answer. "And so art thou, O poet!" exclaims the author, with no anger, no revolt in this case; he accepts the fact with no rebellion. He seems to say: "It is so, and let us not speak of it any more;" but the disproportion between the length of the whole and the shortness of the last sentence, that takes but one line, throws a tragic character of helplessness and hopelessness upon this silence that gives us to divine so many things it does not tell.

Rebellion appears and greatest indignation breaks out in a piece called "The Poet and the Crowd." Never has the rabble been the object of a more violent apostrophe; never have more eloquent words of scorn and contempt separated those who are below from him who is and wants to remain above. A crowd of the lowest average of humanity surrounds the pedestal upon which the poet sings and touches the chords of his lyre; but his song is not understood, the sounds of his lyre go to the wind, and the rabble below break out in laughter, mockeries, and imprecations against the man who troubles them without any profit or utility. At this word of "utility" the poet cannot restrain himself, and the tacit tortures of a great soul that is misunderstood and outraged in its holiest beliefs explode with a violence that the fine versification seems hardly to control. "Utility! In everything utility! In the marble of the Belvedere you would look for utility. And that this marble is a god, that tells you nothing? Of course a kitchen pot is of greater value for you: you make your food in it! From the noisy pavements of your cities you wipe the

dust — a useful work, by Jove! But will your priests forget their altars and their sacrifices to take brooms in their hands? Away! What has a peaceful poet to do with you? . . . We are born for inspiration, for sweet melodies and prayers! ”

This contempt for others' opinion is formulated with a somewhat theoretical serenity in a sonnet that begins with the words: “O! Poet, do not prize the people's love!” and after having shown what people's love is worth, the appreciations of the fool, the judgment of the indifferent crowd, he points out to the poet where he has to find his best, his most impartial, his unique judgment: “Thyself thou art thy highest judge. Who better than thyself will appreciate thy work? And is thy artist's conscience satisfied with it — well, then, let the crowd revile it and spit upon the altar where thy fire burns, and shake in childish playfulness thy tripod.”

Self-consciousness, self-control and self-criticism are the highest qualities that secure to the poet a constant superiority over the crowd and an unfailing masterhood over those

miseries which trouble common mortals. Armed with these qualities the poet can start for his mission, but he cannot hope to fulfill it without an aid from above. This will appear from a poem entitled "The Prophet," but before we examine that wonderful piece let us embrace in a single poem all that appeared from the disjointed phrases we have quoted.

The poem called "The Poet" gives one of the most accomplished pictures of that double life that those children of heaven live when they are thrown upon this earth.

THE POET.

"So long as Apollo does not call the poet to his sacred sacrifice, he is plunged a coward in the troubles and vanities of the world.

"His holy lyre is silent, his soul sleeps in indifference, and among the poor children of this earth he is perhaps the poorest.

"But so soon as the Divine word strikes his sensitive ear, the poet's soul springs up and shakes its wings, like an eagle that awakes.

"He loathes the pleasures of this earth; he cares not for his fame with men; before the

idols of the world he does not bow his haughty head.

“Wild and stern, full of voices and tumult, he flees to the shore of the desert waves, under the broadly roaring oaks.”

And so, abandoned in the world, alone among mortals, misunderstood and not caring to be understood, the poet spurns mankind; like the prophets of the Bible, he flees into the desert. And now listen to what he tells us:

THE PROPHET.

“My soul was tortured with thirst, I dragged myself through a somber desert, and a six-winged seraphim appeared to me in my path.

“With fingers lighter than a dream he touched my eyes and they opened,—the prophetic eyes, as those of a frightened eagle. He touched my ears,—and they were filled with sounds and ringing: and I conceived the heaven’s shudder, of angels the celestial flight, the under-water moving of the monsters of the sea, the germination, in the valley, of the twig. And to my lips he stooped, drew out my tongue,—my babbling, wicked tongue,—and

with his bloody hand a fang of prudent snake he then put in between my frozen lips. And with a sword he then hewed up my bosom and drew away my palpitating heart, and in my yawning breast he thrust a living coal.

“Like a dead body was I lying in the desert, and the voice of the Lord called to me: Arise, O prophet! See and hear! Inspire with my will thyself, and crossing over lands and waters burn with thy word the hearts of men.”

The poet is ordained. From the depths of the desert he rises up a messenger of God. And now through his work he comes back to us,—to us whom he did not care for, to us whom he did despise, to us whom he has spurned for the desert. And through this work we learn to know him and to love him,—him who did not care for us, him who did despise us, him who has spurned us for the desert. And the poet knew it had to come, he knew it could not be otherwise. In a sonnet where, at the example of Horace, he builds up his own “Monument,” with that infallible spirit of self-criticism that never abandons him, he says: “The way that leads

to my monument will never be overgrown with grass. My fame will spread all over the globe and through all ages will I be dear to people, for I awoke good feelings with my lyre."

Yes, he will be known all over the globe, for he belongs to the whole world; a more universal, all - comprehensive soul has rarely spoken to humanity in verse. He is universal not only because he has measured the whole depth and embraced the whole scale of human sentiments, but because there is no form of formulating these sentiments that was not accessible to him. This man, who died not much over thirty years old (he was married to one of the handsomest women of his time and was shot in a duel he had for her), this man who never went abroad, has left poems that might take place on the pages of the National literature of any foreign country, so fully do they resume their character and their way of feeling. He had by intuition that which in another man would require a whole life of study and travel. His Spanish poems and his dramatic scenes of Don Juan; his dramatic

scenes, "The Shabby Knight," that first appeared as a translation from an unknown English author; his fragments of the Koran, his imitations of Dante, the wonderful plasticity and serenity of his hexameter when treating antique subjects,—all that will make that, though being the greatest synthesis of Russian life, his poetry will belong to all countries. As it was pointed out by Dostoevsky, the most complete representative of the Russian character is at the same time the most eloquent example of its greatest quality,—that faculty of finding in itself an echo for the feelings of men independently of national divisions, that talent of understanding those *words* and *forms* in which other nations' joy and sorrow express themselves. In his book on the Russian romance, Count Melchior de Vogüé of the Academy of France, after having shown the universal meaning of Poushkin's we just have spoken of, says in a somewhat apologetic way: "Is it discourtesy to a nation, if we take from her her national poet to give him to humanity?" No, certainly it is not discourtesy: it is justice to

the world. Take him from us! We want him to be yours, for he never shall cease to be ours!

Yes, he must and he shall be known all over the globe, for we sincerely hope that times will come when everything that is great and beautiful on earth will be made accessible to every one and that humanity will no longer be deprived of what belongs to humanity for the reason of not understanding a language; times will come when we will find out how to deliver ourselves from those chains which hold us bound to our nationalities and hinder us from ascending those resplendent altitudes where human genius has founded a fatherland for every man.

GREETING.

TO THE GENERAL WORLD'S RELIGIOUS CONGRESS,
11TH SEPTEMBER, 1893.

Greeting.

MR. PRESIDENT:

Before I speak to this imposing audience, I wish you would allow me to say one word to you personally. I am not an ecclesiastic, hence I cannot pretend to represent a church. I am not an official delegate (at least at the Religious Congress I am not), hence I have no right of representing a government. And I am not a man of science. Therefore I appreciate all the more the great honor you do me in calling on me personally and individually in such a splendid gathering as this. It is already an honor for me to be seated among so many distinguished and prominent men, but to see my name on the programme of this solemn session,—that is what I consider the highest individual honor that ever has been conferred on me, and I thank you for this honor.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Those who during the last week have had

the opportunity of attending not only the congresses of one single church, but who could witness different congresses of different churches and congregations, must have been struck with a noticeable fact. They went to the Catholic congress, and heard beautiful words of charity and love; splendid orators invoked the blessings of Heaven upon the children of the Catholic church, and in powerful, eloquent terms the listeners were entreated to love their human brothers in the name of the Catholic church. They went to the Lutheran congress and heard splendid words of humanity and brotherhood; orators inspired with love and indulgence invoked the blessing of God on the children of the Lutheran church, and taught those who were present to love their human brothers in the name of the Lutheran church. They went to other more limited congresses, and everywhere they heard these same great words proclaiming these same great ideas and inspiring these same great feelings. They saw a Catholic archbishop go to a Jewish congress, and with his fiery eloquence bring feelings of brotherhood to

his Hebraic sisters.* Not in one of these congresses did a speaker forget that he belonged to humanity, and that his own church or congregation was but a starting point, a centre for a further and illimited radiation.

This is the noticeable fact that must have struck everybody, and everybody must have asked himself at the end of the week: "Why don't they come together, all these people who speak the same language? Why do not all these splendid orators unite their voices in one single chorus? And if they preach the same ideas, why don't they proclaim them in the name of that same and single truth that inspires them all?"

To day their wishes are fulfilled and beyond all expectation.

Being called to greet the present congress on the occasion of its opening, I will take the liberty of relating to you a popular legend of my native country. The story may appear rather too humorous for the circumstance, but

* Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, was asked to speak, and did so, at the Congress of the Jewish Women, 6th September, 1893.

one of our national writers says: "Humor is an invisible tear through a visible smile;" and we think that human tears, human sorrow and pain are sacred enough to be brought even before a religious congress.

There was an old woman who for many centuries suffered tortures in the flames of hell, for she had been a great sinner during her earthly life. One day she saw far away in the distance an angel taking his flight through the blue skies, and with the whole strength of her voice she called to him. The call must have been desperate, for the angel stopped in his flight and, coming down to her, asked her what she wanted.

"When you reach the throne of God," she said, "tell Him that a miserable creature has suffered more than she can bear, and that she asks the Lord to be delivered from these tortures."

The angel promised to do so, and flew away. When he had transmitted the message, God said:

"Ask her whether she has done any good to man during her life."

The old woman strained her memory in search of a good action during her sinful past, and all at once: "I've got one!" she joyfully exclaimed; "One day I gave a carrot to a hungry beggar!"

The angel reported the answer.

"Take a carrot," said God to the angel, "stretch it out to her, let her grasp it, and if the plant is strong enough to draw her out from hell, she shall be saved."

So the angel did. The poor old woman clung to the carrot. The angel began to pull, and lo! she began to rise! But when her body was half out of the flames, she felt a weight at her feet: another sinner was clinging to her. She kicked, but it did not help: the sinner would not let go his hold, and the angel continuing to pull, was lifting them both! But oh, another sinner clung to them, and then a third, and more, and always more—an endless chain of miserable creatures hung at the old woman's feet! The angel never ceased pulling; it did not seem to be any heavier than the small carrot could support, and they all were rising in the air! But the old woman suddenly

took fright: too many people were availing themselves of her only, her last chance of salvation! And kicking and pushing those who were clinging to her, "Leave me alone," she exclaimed; "Hands off—the carrot is mine!"

No sooner had she pronounced this word of "mine" than the tiny stem broke, and they all fell back to hell—and forever.

In its poetic artlessness and popular simplicity, this legend is too eloquent to need interpretation. If any individual, any community, any congregation, any church, possesses a portion of truth and of good, let that truth shine for everybody, let that good become the property of everyone. The substitution of the word "mine" by the word "ours," and that of "ours" by the word "everyone's," this is what will secure a fruitful result to our collective efforts as well as to our individual activities.

This is why we feel happy to welcome and to greet the opening of this congress, where in a combined effort of the representatives of all churches and religions, all that is great and good and true in each of them is brought

together in the name of the same God, and for the sake of the same Man.

We congratulate the President, the members and all the listeners of this congress upon the tendency of union that has gathered them on the soil of the country whose allegorical Eagle, spreading his mighty wings over the "Stars and Stripes," holds in his powerful talons those splendid words: "*E pluribus unum.*"

THE SOCIAL OFFICE OF RELIGIOUS FEELING.

DELIVERED AT THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS
CONGRESS,
15TH SEPTEMBER, 1893.



The Social Office of Religious Feeling.

MR. PRESIDENT,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is the custom at the congresses that whenever a speaker appears on the stage he should be introduced as the representative either of some government, or of some nationality, or of some association, or of some institution, or of any kind of collective unity that absorbs his individuality and classifies him at once in one of the great divisions of humanity.

My name to-night has not been put in connection with any of these classifications, and it is quite natural that you should ask: "What does he represent? Does he represent a government?" No, for I think that no govern-

ment as such should have anything to do with the questions that are going to be treated here, nor should it interfere in the discussions.

Am I representative of a nation? No, I am not. Why not? I'll tell you. Some weeks ago I had the honor of speaking in this same hall on some educational subjects. After I had finished, several persons came to me to express their feelings of sympathy. I recollect with a particular thought of thankfulness the good faces of three colored men, who came with outstretched hands and said:

"We want to thank you because we like your ideas of humanity and of internationality,—we like them."

If I mention the fact it is not because I gather any selfish satisfaction in doing so, but because I feel happy to live at a time when the advancement of inventions and ideas made such a fact possible, as that of a stranger coming from across the ocean to this great country of the New World and being greeted as a brother by children of a race that a few years ago was regarded as not belonging to humanity. I feel proud to live in such times,

and I am glad to owe the experience to America.

But that same evening a lady came to me with expression of greatest astonishment and said she was so much surprised to hear such ideas from a Russian.

"Why so?" I asked her.

"Because I always thought these ideas were American."

"American ideas? — No, Madame, these ideas are as little American as they are Russian. They are *human* ideas, Madame, and if you are a human creature you must not be astonished—you have no right to be astonished—that another human creature spoke to you a language that you would have spoken yourself."

No, I am representative of no nationality, of no country. I love my country; I would not stand at this very place, I would not speak to you to-night, if I did not; but our individual attachment to our own country is of no good if it does not give us an impulse to some wider expansion, if it does not teach us to respect other people's attachment to their country, and

if it does not fill our heart with an ardent wish that everyone's country should be loved by everyone.

Now remains a last question: Am I representative of one particular religion? I am not, for if I were, I would bring here words of division, and no other words but words of union should resound in this hall. And so I introduce myself with no attributes, considering that *after* the permission of the President that confers on a man the right of appearing on this stage, the mere fact of his being a *man* — at least at a *religious* congress—is a sufficient title for deserving your attention.

Now, we must extend the same restrictions to the subject we are going to treat. First of all, we settle the point that we are not going to speak of any particular religion, but of religious feeling in general independently of its object.

Secondly, we will not speak of the origin of the religious feeling; whether it is inspired from heaven, or it is the natural development of our human faculties; whether it is a special gift of the Creator to man, or the result of a

long process of evolution that has its beginning in the animal instinct of self-preservation. The latter theory that places the beginning of religion in the feeling of fear seems to prevail in modern science, and is regarded as one of its newest conquests, although many centuries ago the Latin poet said that

“*Primus in orbe deos fecit timor.*”

A remarkable evolution, indeed, that would place the origin of religion in the trembling body of a frightened mouse and the end of it on the summit of Golgotha. We will not contest, but we invite those, who were clever enough to discover and to prove this wonderful process of evolution, to pay their respect and gratitude to Him who made such a process of evolution possible.

Let us forget for once that eternal question of origins. Do you judge the importance of a river by the narrowness of its source? Do you reproach the flowers with the putrified elements which nourish its roots? Now, you see what a wrong way we may take sometimes in investigating origins. No, let us judge the river by

the breadth and strength of its full stream, and the flower by the beauty of its colors and of its odor, and let us not go back nor down to darkness when we have the chance of living in light. Religious feeling is a thing that exists, it is a reality, and wherever it may come from, it deserves our attention and our highest respect as the motor of the greatest acts that were accomplished by humanity in the moral domain.

Two objections may be urged.

First, the human sacrifices of ancient times, that were accomplished under prescriptions of religion. To this we must answer that religious feeling, as everything on earth, requires a certain time to become clear and lucid; and we can observe that the mere fact of its gradual development brings up by and by a rejection and condemnation of those violences and abuses that were considered incumbent in those pre-historic times when everything was but confusion and in a state of formation. The same religions that started with human sacrifices led those who followed the development of ideas and did not stick to the elaboration of rituals—to highest feeling of humanity and charity. Socrates

and Plato wrote the introduction and Seneca the first volume of the humanitarian work that was continued by St. Paul.

The second objection will be the violences accomplished in the name of Christianity. Religious feeling, it will be said, produces such atrocities as the inquisition and other persecutions of modern and even present times. Never, never, never! Never did Christian religion inspire a persecution. It did inspire those who *were* persecuted, but not those who *did* persecute. What is it that in a persecution is the product of religious feeling? Humility, indulgence, pardon, patience, heroism and martyrdom; all the rest that constitutes the active elements of a persecution is not the work of religion: martyrization, torture, cruelty, intolerance, are the work of politics; it is authority that chastises insubordination, and the fact that authorities throughout history have been often sincerely persuaded that they acted "*ad maiorem Dei gloriam*" is but a poor excuse for them, an excuse that in itself includes a crime.

But now let us withdraw the question of religious feeling from history and politics, and

let us examine it from the strictly individual point of view. Let us see what it gives to a man in his intercourse with other men, this being the really important point, for we think that only in considering the single individual you really embrace the whole humanity. The moment you consider a collective unity of several or many individuals, you exclude the rest.

It is that very desire to embrace all humanity that determined us in the choice of our theme. In fact, what other feeling on earth but the religious feeling could have the property of reuniting all men on a common field of discussion and on the same level of competence? No scientific, no artistic, no political, no other religious subject but the subject we selected: that feeling of our common human nothingness in presence of that unknown but existing being before whom we are all equal; who holds us under the control of those laws of nature that we are free to discover and to study, but can not transgress without succumbing to their inexorable changelessness, and who regulates our acts by having impressed upon each of us the reflection of Himself through that sensitive

instrument, the human conscience. If we appeal to one creed or to one religion we will always have either a limited or a divided audience, but if we appeal to the human conscience, no walls will be able to contain our listeners. All limits and divisions *must* fall if only we listen to our conscience. What are national or political or religious differences? Are they worth being spoken of before an appeal that reunites, not only those who believe differently, but those who believe with those who do not believe?

This is the great significance of religious feeling I wish to point out to you. Not the more or less certitude it gives to each individual of his own salvation in the future, but the softening influence it must have on the relations of man to man *in the present*.

Let us believe in our equality; let us not be "astonished" when life once in a while gives us the chance of experiencing that one man feels like another man. Let us work for unity and happiness, obeying our conscience and forgetting that such things exist as Catholic, or Buddhist, or Lutheran, or Mahometan. Let

every one keep those divisions each one for himself and *not* classify the others; and if some one does not classify himself, if he does not care to be classified at all, well then let him alone. You won't be able to erase him from the great class of humanity to which he belongs as well as you. He will fulfill his human duties under the impulse of his conscience as well as you, and perhaps better, and even if he does not think that a future exists, the God in whom he did not or could not believe will give him the portion of happiness he has deserved in making others happy. For what is morality after all? It is to live so that the God who, according to some of us, exists in one way; according to some others, in another way; who, according to some others, does not exist at all, but whom we all *desire* to exist, that this God should be satisfied with our acts. And after this, as the poet says:

"For forms of faith let foolish zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Some years ago an English preacher said that times had come when we should not any more ask a man: "How do you believe?" but,

"Do you believe?" Now, we think times have come when we must neither ask a man: "*How* do you believe?" nor, "*Do* you believe?" but "*Do* you *want* to believe?" And the answer will be the most unanimous cheer that humanity has ever raised.

The Spanish writer Count Castelar says somewhere: "Christianity, like light, has many colors." We don't pretend to be broader than Christianity, but if Christianity is broad, it is because every shadowing of the Christian rainbow teaches us that *humanity*, like light, has many colors; and, pardon me the joke in serious matters, in this country you know, you have proved that humanity had many "colors."

Yes, Christianity is broad because it teaches us to accept and not to exclude. If only all of us would remember this principle, the ridiculous word of "religion of the future" would disappear once and forever. Of course, as long as you will consider that religion consists in forms of worshiping that secure to you your individual salvation, the greatest part of humanity will declare that forms are worn out and that we need a new "religion of the

future." But if you fill yourself with the idea that religion is the synthesis of your beliefs in those prescriptions that regulate your acts toward *other men*, you will give up your wanderings in search of new ways of individual salvation, and you will find vitality and strength in the certitude that we need no other way but the one shown by the religion that teaches us that all men are the same whatever their religion may be.

FATHER SMITH.

COMPOSED FOR THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS.
DELIVERED AT THE MEETING
IN ALL SOUL'S CHURCH,
17TH SEPTEMBER, 1893.

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Father Smith.

1770-1841.

MR. PRESIDENT,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The subjects which have been brought before the audience have been so well treated, and so thoroughly exhausted, that, as one of the speakers said, it is almost impossible to add anything. And still I have the presumption to think that I can make an addition to one of the interesting papers we have heard last night. It is but a detail, but details take their importance less from their intrinsic value than from the interest we attach to them; and the detail I am going to communicate to you is of great interest to me because I am a Russian, and will certainly be of greatest interest to you because you are Americans.

I hope you are not disagreeably impressed in hearing me mention at the very beginning

of my speech the names of two nations: he who has heard me speak once must know that I will never bring either national or political considerations before an audience of universal equality and peace; no, if I start with these two names it is because I know that, though approaching the same subject from two different points, we will meet at the end on that common field where everybody must meet to find happiness and rest—on the field of humanity.

Last night you greeted with applause the name of Rev. Mr. Badin, *first* Catholic priest ordained in the United States. Now, it will perhaps interest you to learn who was the *second* Catholic priest ordained in this country. This was the well known Vicar-General of the Diocese of Philadelphia, so popular under the name of Father Smith.* His eventful biography is not deprived of interest.

* This was his name of adoption. When he came over to America he called himself Schmettau, the name of his mother who was the daughter of Field-Marshal Count von Schmettau, one of the favorite generals of Frederick the Great; but it soon was Americanized into Smith, and before we give his real name, we will continue to call him so.

He descended from a very old and distinguished family. His father was ambassador at the Court of The Netherlands, and the young man was brought up in relations of comradeship with the heir to the throne of that country, which relations never ceased, even after they became separated. In 1792 he undertook a voyage to America; he sailed from Rotterdam on August 18th, and arrived in Baltimore on 28th of October. Here he suddenly became so interested with theological questions, that he decided to become a priest, and for this purpose he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Baltimore. According to John Gilmary Shea,* he was "the most eminent person who entered the Seminary, whether we regard his exalted position in the world, or his devoted and self-sacrificing career as a priest." His ordination took place on 18th of March, 1795. He was not only the second priest ordained, but the first who received the holy orders in this country, for Rev. Mr. Badin had been made deacon in France before coming to America.

* "Life and Times of the Most Rev. John Carroll," New York: J. G. Shea, 1888.

At the beginning of his ecclesiastical career he accomplished several religious missions in remote and wild parts of this country. Bishop Carroll directed him first to Port Tobacco, then to the Conewago mission that resided in Taneytown; all that which is now Maryland and Pennsylvania has been visited by him, and has been the theatre where the energy and rectitude of Father Smith's character displayed itself in correcting abuses and in accomplishing the missions his great Bishop had conferred on him. In 1799 the Roman Catholics of Captain McGuire's settlement at Clearfield petitioned the Bishop for a priest and expressed the wish to have Father Smith appointed. With his usual energy he went to the work, and on Christmas eve of the same year the first mass was held in the new church. "I have now," he says in his report to Bishop Carroll, "thanks be to God, a little house of my own, for the first time since I came to this country, and God grant that I may be able to keep it."

His activity in this wild and uncultivated district of the Alleghanies, in what is now Cambria county, Pa., was great and untiring;

he bought more than 20,000 acres, invited settlers and supplied them with homes on easy terms, although his own pecuniary affairs were very hard at this time because of the death of his father and troubles connected with the inheritance. His sister supplied him with sums of money for some time, but soon she married the Austrian Prince of Salm, and this last resource was exhausted. Fortunately his old friend and schoolmate, now King of The Netherlands, bought a very fine collection of Greek and Roman antiquities, left by the late ambassador, and sent the money over to Father Smith. This and some subscriptions of a few friends enabled him to meet his pecuniary engagements and to free his colony from debt after having spent \$15,000 in its creation. And he continued his work. Colonies were rising and growing under his patronage. The town of Loretto, situated four miles north-west of Crescent Station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was founded by him in 1803.

His fame grew. For a time he was spoken of for the see of Bardstown, Ky.; then he was actually nominated for that of Detroit, Mich.,

but declined the honor; in 1821 he was appointed Vicar-General of the Diocese of Philadelphia; Bishop Conwell offered later to make him his Coadjutor-Bishop, but he declined again. The ideas of the Bishop were not in harmony with his own, and after a certain time he resigned his Vicar-Generalship.

The rest of his life was consecrated to charity, to arduous work and continuous self-sacrifice. One day some friend of his exclaimed: "He has a heart of gold!" "No, thanks to God he has not," replied another, "for if he had he would have given it to the unfortunate." He died in Loretto, the town he had founded, on the 6th of May, 1841. He left numerous writings on ecclesiastical subjects, mostly in the form of letters.

I am glad if I have succeeded in interesting you with these few details of the life of a man who has done so much for your country; now, the fact which interests me in this biography is that this American priest, the second ordained in the United States, and the first who took the holy orders in your country, was a compatriot of mine: he was a Russian, and

his true name was Prince Galitzin.* His memory is still living in that part of Pennsylvania where he has left so much of his work; and when the constructors of the Pennsylvania Railway, in search of a famous name to be given to a station, asked the inhabitants who was the most famous man of that country, the inhabitants said: "Rev. Father Demetrius Augustine Prince Galitzin," and the station was called after him.

I would do injustice to the name if I did not mention another fact in connection with this one. In 1840 a sister of the Sacred Heart of Metz came over from France to America, on a special religious mission. She was the founder of a woman's convent in New York, of several schools throughout the United States, and of a Christian mission among the Indian tribe of Pottawatomies. This sister of the Sacred Heart was also a compatriot of mine, for she was a cousin of the Vicar General of Philadelphia, and her name was Princess Elizabeth Galitzin.†

* "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography."

† Born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1795; died in St. Michel's, La., on the 8th of December, 1843.



Now, if anybody can tell us the name of the *third* Catholic priest ordained in the United States, we will be glad to learn it. In the meantime I am happy I could bring this small contribution to your great Catholic Congress by accentuating this example of spiritual relation between two nations so distant from one another. I am happy, because I think that when life gives us similar experiences, we ought to remember them, and we ought to forget them just as little as a commandment of the Scripture, for every time nature gives us proof that nationalities do not exist, it fulfills the prescriptions of its Creator. Nationalities are not in the laws of nature; they are but the best mean among the wrong ones to excuse the necessities of life, but they have to hide themselves from the face of Eternity.

We cannot know what the future shall be, but the world has lasted long enough, that we may turn our eyes backward; and taking the present moment as the result of the evolution of former ages, we can,—on the basis of the changelessness of nature's laws,—draw

conclusions from the present moment as to future ages. The aim is hidden, but the tendencies are manifest, and in formulating the tendencies of the world's development we *eo ipso* indicate its aim. And that is what gives us the right of affirming that the aim nature pursues in its development is to prove that such expressions as "American, Russian, German, Spanish," are words invented by man and not things created by God.

And if eternities are needed for its practical accomplishment on earth, the earth shall last eternities.

A REPLY.

DELIVERED AT THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS
CONGRESS.

23RD SEPTEMBER, 1893.

A Reply.

MR. PRESIDENT,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

A few days ago I had the pleasure of receiving the following letter:

CHICAGO, Sept. 15th, 1893.

PRINCE SERGE WOLKONSKY,

DEAR SIR:

There will be a meeting next Monday, September 18th, at 4 p.m., in Room 23 of the Art Palace, to decide, if possible, upon a formula which may serve as a bond for universal brotherhood.

One representative of each faith and order will be invited. The invitation is hereby extended to yourself. If you cannot be present, will you kindly reply, stating whether you regard the enclosed form as suitable for the purpose?

Yours respectfully,

THEODORE F. SEWARD.

When I received the above invitation I did not know whether this would be a private gathering for a friendly exchange of ideas, or a public session with regular speeches and addresses, but the appeal touched me too profoundly not to try to prepare myself for both. In the following lines, I take the liberty of setting forth the ideas which have been suggested to me by Mr. Seward's kind invitation.

Much has been spoken of universal brotherhood during these last weeks, many eloquent speakers inspired with the theme elicited enthusiastic applause, thousands of people left the halls of the Congress with softened hearts and with a firm resolution to bring the beautiful theories into their practical life,—and still a kind of doubt prevents us from trusting in any palpable result. For a long time I have been searching for the reason of that doubt, which never ceased trailing clouds upon the pure sky that shines over those brotherly gatherings, and I think—I finally have found the reason.

We speak of brotherhood as of a thing to be founded, we look at it as if it were an institution, a thing that had to be created and organized, a thing which did not exist and which we wanted to exist. People seem to say: "We are not brothers, but let us try to become such; yes, let us try to become brothers—though difficult it may be,—let us try, for we are civilized people, and there is no real civilization without brotherhood: brotherhood is the crown of all civilization!" Alas, my friends, brotherhood is not the crown—it is the basis, and if a civilization is not built upon that basis, no posterior efforts can remedy the evil. It is not to *become* brothers we must strive: it is—not to forget that we *are* brothers. It is not because we *are* civilized that we speak of instituting a universal brotherhood on earth, it is because we are *not*, or far more, because we are *wrongly* civilized that we strain our brains to institute a condition that never ceased to exist. Human brotherhood is not a club where membership is needed to enjoy its privileges; not by instituting societies or associations can we inspire feelings of brother-

hood, but by breaking the exclusiveness of those which do exist.

We must not forget that associations are not the aim, but only the instrument. If we regard those "religious clubs" as an aim in themselves, our membership becomes a seclusion from the rest of humanity; it becomes a contraction instead of an expansion, an end instead of a beginning, and it generates death instead of generating life. It is not what we do when we *go* to the meeting, nor the fact of our going that is important, but what we do when we *leave* it. When we believe that, we will see that associations and clubs are not the principal thing. We will not breathe with our full lungs until the day we understand that human brotherhood is not a question of badge, and that for introducing it into life we have to turn our eyes elsewhere. Where? This is the great question. I will try to answer it as I understand it.

Our modern civilization—or rather let us not use this word, for it pre-supposes a perfection, and hence cannot be applied to anything that exists on earth,—no, we will say our ways of

teaching and learning are the evils we must fight against if we wish to deliver the idea of human brotherhood from the dust and smoke and mud which cover it, so that we are able to forget that it exists and speak of it as a new thing to be instituted. Our ways of teaching, there is the evil, so I said and so I repeat; for our ways of teaching are *shameful*! From childhood on we are taught that human beings are divided into civilized, enlightened, uncivilized, barbarians, etc,—I do not know the exact definitions used in American school books, nor do I know the exact group to which I have to belong as a Russian, but the fact is that from our childhood on we are trained to divide those whom we call our brothers into different categories according to their more or less proximity to those summits of civilization, the benefits of which we enjoy; and the more learning we want to show the more we accentuate and underline these divisions of humanity.

Now, I ask you all, is that the spirit which ought to animate all education?

And when in the course of later life a few of us get rid of that habit of classifying our sim-

ilars, when under the influence of travel, or through learning foreign languages, or under the influence of some broad-minded representatives of our churches, or through works of universal science, or through works of universal art, we at last become aware that all nations are composed of men like ourselves, we consider that conviction as our highest personal merit, and the greatest proof of our enlightenment and culture! Is it really to our culture we owe these feelings of brotherhood? Is it not far more to the fact of having succeeded in shaking off from our souls the deposits of a wrong education?

Just allow me to tell you what happened to a Russian peasant — of course uncivilized.

A peasant one day undertook a journey through Europe. With a bag on his shoulder, he started and walked through Germany, France, a part of Italy, and Austria without knowing a word of any other language but his own. When he came back his land owner — the civilized man — asked him how it was possible he could make himself understood in *foreign* countries among *foreign* people. And the

peasant — the uncivilized — replied in the most genuine way: “ Well, why shouldn’t they understand me; are *they* not human beings like myself?”

I leave you to decide which of the two was the more civilized, and whether I am wrong in affirming that our modern education does just the contrary of that which it should do.

To return to our subject, we think that the question of universal brotherhood is an *educational* question; that it should be put at the very bottom of the primary school and not at the very top of the university. And, by the way, do you know what might become a school for teaching human brotherhood? The Midway Plaisance at the World’s Fair. You hardly believe that; and still it is so; and when I have told you why, you will agree with me.

The Midway Plaisance is generally considered as a place of pleasure. For me it is the most sad thing I know, because it is human life exposed as a show; human beings deprived of their feelings, and reduced to the state of a catalogued exhibit; a moving panorama of human empty forms. And we, civilized people,

who go and pay our entrance to the Cairo Street or to the Arabian Circus, we even do not inquire whether these human brothers of ours have a human soul under their interesting and picturesque costumes. We look at those Arabian riders, at their equestrian exercises, the showy colors of their dresses, their movements, their wavings, their cheering, and we stare at them like at animals we are allowed to approach for our twenty-five cents. "It is quite safe; don't be afraid!" And the clapping children around us exclaim: "Oh, Mama, look at those barbarians!" Now, if "Mama" had been educated on the basis of human brotherhood, do you know what she would have answered? She would have said:

"No, my child, they are not barbarians. Why do you think they are? Is it because their dresses are so showy? But don't you see how much prettier they are than ours, how much character they have,—and they are dresses of *their* country, meanwhile ours are but bad copies of ugly patterns we receive from abroad. Why do you think they are barbarians? Is it because their faces are so brown? They are

children of the morning land, they live in open air, they bathe themselves in sunshine, meanwhile we,—we breathe the poisonous atmosphere of State Street. Is it because they raise such cheers, you think they are barbarians? My child, my dear child, do not say so; you do not understand them; if you do not understand what another man says, it does not mean that the other man is a barbarian. Their language is a beautiful one, it is a jewel set in filigree; their poetry is the finest dream humanity has dreamt. No, my child, do not say they are barbarians. Don't be afraid of them, step closer,—you will see they are men just as we, only far more better than we are, for they have preserved their human soul in that purity with which it has been given to all of us by the Creator, and which we lost so long ago. They are the embodiment of such high ideas of chivalry and duty as we never had. Don't be afraid, my child, step closer, you see his open honest eyes, he does not look at you a bit with the same mistrust as you. *He* knows you are a man like him."

So would "Mama" speak, had "Mama" been brought up with ideas of human brotherhood, and we would congratulate her; but if instead of that she says to her child with a smile of motherly satisfaction because of its precocious development: "Yes, of course he is a barbarian, but then we are enlightened, we are civilized, and therefore we must grant him our love," then we exclaim: "Away with *such* a brotherhood! You cannot *become* the brother of a man if you do not feel that you *are* his brother!"

So, if you really wish that humanity should be united in feelings of universal brotherhood, then do *not* go to the meeting, do *not* become a member of the congregation, do *not* waste your dime for a badge, but go *home*, return to your children, gather them around you and tell them: "Children, let us learn, for we must know what other people are, because other people are our brothers, and we must know our brothers, because if we do not know them, we may not recognize them, and it is a *crime* not to recognize one's brother. So, children, come,

let us learn, and learn, and learn, for we are not.....we are *too* civilized."

These are my ideas on human brotherhood. I am glad to have had the opportunity of proclaiming them publicly, for after having written this paper I did *not* go to that meeting and I want those who asked me and expected me to go,—I want them to know why I did not go and why I never will: I cannot enroll myself in an army to which I belong by birth.



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